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REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 591).

BACH, Händel, and Gluck, three names, which no German pen will write down without pride, mark the entrance or ascendancy of a new people in the history of music. I say a new people, and not a new school, for where in the world are two men to be found who have less the appearance of brothers of one school than Bach and Gluck? They contrast in all things. What they have in common is that, at the same time with Händel, they arrived at definitive results in the art of composition. Before them, music had nothing definitive except the choral song of Palestrina. No sooner have the developments of any æsthetic striving reached their goal, than its creation, as the substance of the whole, and as the monument of the complete and finished beauties of the kind, pass out of the transition state, and grow strong in the classical stability of master-pieces, over which time can have no power. Since there is nothing more in them to alter. Time will deal with the monumental scores precisely as with the Grecian statues, which other ravages besides its own have spared. It will lend them a somewhat darker colouring, to be sure, but it will leave untouched the forms, wherein artists, in spite of all their strivings to achieve the best, will always be compelled to recognise the type of true perfection. It was an immeasurable advantage for the Germans that they came last. They had always followed in the footsteps of the nations that gave the tone, the Belgians and Italians; they merely needed to take one leap forward, to go by these, and this leap brought them to the goal.

All branches and endeavours of the art, excepting instrumental music, reached their perfection *singly*, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. The fugued and the melodic style, which some masters had failed in their efforts to amalgamate, now repelled each other the more vigorously, since each had produced genuine master-pieces in its way. A very strict division line separated the contrapuntist from the melodist, so that the composers formed two hostile camps. The head-quarters of the former were in Germany, of the latter in Italy. The rivalry and warm feeling that existed between them appears in the didactic and polemical writings of that time. Even the historians allowed themselves to be carried away by this party spirit. Burney inclines to the side of the opera, which, to the great disadvantage of the reader and the work, fills and appropriates to itself nearly his entire fourth volume (covering the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries). Förfel's partiality to the contrapuntal style is even much more sensible. The theorist, J. J. Rousseau, despises the fugue as a relic of musical barbarism. The theorist, Marpurg, looks down pityingly upon the *galante* music. With our present views, a contrapuntist who should only regard counterpoint, or a melodist who should only regard melody in his art, would pass for only half of a composer; and should a controversy arise between them, founded on the difference in their occupation, their knowledge and their taste, we, who possess strong weapons of attack against both, should know beforehand, that these incomplete musicians would be alike powerless to defend themselves. This is already proved by the exclusives of the last century, and is still proved by those of our own country, who have not the same grounds of excuse.

For ourselves, we have no concern in the controversy; on the contrary we are greatly concerned in instituting a close investigation as to how the contrapuntal and melodic styles maintained a state of utter separation, at a time immediately preceding the appearance of Mozart. Present considerations prompt this inquiry, which the purpose of this book, moreover, makes our duty. In answering a question of art, we undertake at the same time to solve a biographical problem of the highest interest. It is the following:

All the great composers who have passed in review before us since the origin of the art, shared in their own lifetime the honours they deserved; all enjoyed their fame, as well those whose claim posterity has confirmed as the much greater number whose talents had been overprized by their contemporaries. Palestrina saw

the eternal city bow before him, and, what was still more flattering, his very rivals, if any such he could have had. The inscription, "*Musica Princeps*," adorns his tomb, which was opened for him beneath the marble slabs of St. Peter's at the foot of the altar. Bird, court-organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth, received in his own country all to which he could lay claim. Carissimi and Scarlatti were honoured as the first teachers of their epoch, which joyfully derived profit from their instructions, and paid its teachers with recognition and enthusiasm, without forgetting the solid gold. Leo, too, the director of the Conservatory at Naples, saw himself recognised as the first musician on that classic soil of music. Bach passed always for an oracle in the circle of the initiated, whereof he strove to be the focus. Händel, for forty years long, ruled Old England; and France, also adopting a stranger as the national composer, was not less lavish of its honours and rewards towards Gluck, who left a fortune of three hundred thousand florins, as the material product of his laurels. These, if my memory does not deceive me, are about all the crowned heads in music until Haydn, and Haydn, like the others, met with recognition in his life-time.

After these comes a musician, the greatest of them all, since he includes all in himself, the universal heir of the centuries. This one is neglected by his fatherland, and left to himself; Europe scarcely knows him. Burney, in his history, which appeared in 1789, does not dwell upon Mozart, the son; he merely cites him among the German musicians, whose names he has collected. One solitary city lavishes its applause on *Don Giovanni*; one solitary man recognises the all-overtopping place, which the subject of this work assumes among the living and the dead. All the compensation, which the century believes itself to owe him, consists in a situation for life as supernumerary, with the right of burial in the common grave! Who can explain to us so singular a fate? Biographical facts can tell us nothing; musical scores alone make answer; but the answer will appear to us less clear, the more we are in a condition to understand it; and for its understanding we require, above all, a correct estimate of what is commonly called learned and light music. This will form the subject of our reflections, of which we have spoken, and which are now to follow.

To arrive at satisfactory results in such matters, we must examine the fugued and the melodic style from a double point of view, both in themselves intrinsically and in their relative impression on their hearers, both on the objective and the subjective side. It is not my plan to decide between Peter and Paul, whose individual tastes, systematically adduced, would prove nothing; my purpose is, to show why a thing, which pleases and must please Paul, displeases and must please Peter.

It is a fact proved by history, and proved by daily experience, that the contrapuntal forms sound naturally hostile to the ear; that they invariably repel the person who does not understand their mystery and who is not accustomed to them; and that, so long as they prevailed to the exclusion of melody, there were no amateurs or lovers of music in the present sense of the word. The men who loved music without having learned it, held to the music of the people. On the other hand it is also proved, that when the melodic style, and with it dilettantism, appeared, the most learned theorists and greatest composers, down to Händel and Bach inclusive, continued to regard the fugue as the most beautiful and noble product of the musical art.

Under these circumstances, it will be seen, that the contest between the learned musicians and the man who judges simply by the ear, must have had its beginning with Count Vernio and the madrigalists; which was, in fact, the case. All that was ever said about it may be summed up somewhat as follows:—"To whom does it belong to judge of music? to us, who made it the study of our lives, who number some of our own men under our standard, and who, some of us, have laid down the rules? or to you, who scarcely know the first elements of music, if, indeed, you know anything at all about it?" This was, and is, and ever will be the quintessence of the argument of the learned. This seems reasonable enough; but hear what the unlearned ones reply: "Yes; if the question was about the integral calculus, or the transcendental metaphysics, you would

say rightly; but it is the question of an art, and what an art? of music, which God has evidently not made for you alone. Poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture have likewise their artistic mysteries. But does this prevent even the most ordinary minds from understanding and sincerely admiring a Racine, a Schiller, a Byron, a Raffaele, or a Michael Angelo? It is the very peculiarity of the truly beautiful, that, like the sun, the light of all eyes, it shines for every understanding. Everybody feels this. Is it so with your fuguists? You tell us that we do understand them; good, but it is just this that breaks their wand. We possess like you the feeling of the harmonic law, which is a law of nature and entirely in accordance with the human organization; this feeling has been developed in us through the prolonged enjoyment, which melodious and expressive, in a word true music yields; but inasmuch as none of us, in spite of repeated listening, have derived any enjoyment from the fugue, it follows that the style stands in plain and perpetual contradiction with this very law of nature, and consequently is a mere relic of musical barbarism, a prejudice that has grown old with musicians; and that it has no value but its difficulty for the man who occupies himself with it. *The fugue is the ungrateful master-piece of a good harmonist.* This is a saying of one of your good men, Rousseau, the theorist and composer, one who had your discernment without your prejudices. *Basta.*"

These too have reason, you will say perhaps. No, not entirely so, respected reader. If thou thyself had pronounced such a judgment, I should by all means tell thee, that thou proceedest from false premises. Music is an art. But we must not forget to add, a science too, which would have altogether altered thy conclusions. The objection that the other arts have likewise their technical or learned side, proves only that, in order to enjoy them, one must possess the requisite knowledge. Thus the proof is against thee. To understand the poet, one must at least know the language in which he has written; for no translation will ever teach thee to know him. To understand a painter, one must have at least acquired a notion of the laws of perspective and of optics; but with this preparatory knowledge thou art still very far from being able to distinguish all the types of ideal and visible beauty, wanting deeper knowledge. The distinction between music and the other arts lies here: the knowledge it requires, before it can be comprehended in the totality of its types, is far less general, because it is beyond all proportion much more difficult to master. If thou sayest every one is qualified to judge of Schiller, Raffaele, and Michael Angelo, thou ushest a figure of rhetoric called synecdoche, whereby the whole is taken for a part, and *vice versa*. In logic rhetoric is superfluous. Thy *every one* is the millionth of the human race: it consists of the rich, the cultivated, and the learned, who own libraries, buy pictures, and support elegant dwellings—of the class to which thou thyself belongest. But ask the people, read Schiller's "Resignation" to a respectable sausage manufacture, and he will exclaim, What the devil is that? Give an Apollo to a market-woman to admire, and she will tell you that the sculptor is a blockhead, the god is blind. Farther and still more keenly insulting observations perhaps they will utter or keep to themselves about the lover of Daphne. Show a painting of the most learned conception to some Chinese mandarin, a patron of the fine arts; he will burst out into laughter, since the faces appear to him clean on one side and besmeared with black and blue upon the other; the background of the picture will form a sort of *etagère*, and the figures, which he will take for dwarfs and giants, will seem to be dancing round on top of one another. He will tell them, with constrained compliments, Good sir, you are making merry with the people.

What if thy case with regard to the fugue,—thou, who art a man of the world, and hast acquired sufficient knowledge, and kept the run of all the literature, the arts, the paintings, the dramatic, and the concert music,—what if it were the same with the Chinese man's as regards that picture?

Unpractised eyes see in the picture something very different from what they were intended to see. It is easy to prove, that the perceptions of the organ of hearing are subject to the same material errors; only the mind can correct them in the case of

seeing more quickly and more easily than in the case of hearing.

Two causes, which by close connection and by mutual reaction blend their effects, make the fugue a veritable monster in the ear of a not very musical hearer. The first is the manifold or composite unity of the fugue; the second, is the kind of chords which this double-faced unity introduces. The one suppresses the sense of the music for the hearer, of whom we speak; the other does more; it makes it hateful to him; and both contribute to produce materially different impressions from what it was intended he should hear.

In the melodic style, where the unity of the composition lies in the unity of the principal melody, the song, the chords, and the figures of the accompaniment make but one. You separate them as little in the impressions you receive, as you do a beautiful woman from the various articles of her toilet, in the total impression which she makes when she presents herself. It costs small pains to comprehend this simple unity. You yield yourself up to the flow of the simple melody: you listen altogether passively, and the enjoyment seeks you of itself, without your having to run after it.

The fugue imposes altogether different conditions on the hearer. Here is no melodic unity, to lead one on infallibly. Two, three, four themes are perceptible, each with a different aspect and a different movement; each claims an equal portion of the ear's attention, and, to continue our former simile, it is no longer a head or a single portrait, which you have before you; but artfully arranged groups, whose separate figures emulate each other in character, expression, and importance. This occasions no difficulties in a picture, I know very well; for one has time to study an immovable canvass. But, unfortunately, the figures of a composer use their legs, they run away from you as swift as thought, changing their looks and attitudes each moment. One must beware; whichever theme he may select out of this moving labyrinth for a leading thread, it will prove no better than an *ignis fatuus* to him if he lose sight of the other, the companion themes. Let him seek to overtake them in their flight, let him impress upon his brain their individual features, as well as their collective physiognomy; let him follow them through the labyrinthine wanderings and seeming divergence of their courses to the æsthetic goal, whereto they are all striving, and he will find the meaning of the musical picture, the composite unity, the *idem et varium*, which forms its device.

But to be able in this way to understand several persons speaking at once, the ear must possess something of Cæsar's faculty, who dictated seven letters at once to as many scribes. One must possess a power of musical discrimination, which the happiest talents do not lend, unless they have been cultivated by the actual practice and theoretic study of the art. Only a good musician can so divide his attention, and at his pleasure listen to the details, without ever losing the whole. This I call the learned or active listening, which is conscious of its free will and of the ability to use it. Moreover there are works, which even the most dexterous with a single or with several hearings cannot wholly comprehend. But what does the musician do in that case? He brings the eyes to the aid of the ear; he reads the work in the score; he executes it in his head, as often as he pleases, whereby the work becomes as clear to him as any minuet or song. If then with all the necessary means he does not understand it, the fault lies not in him. But what is there left of a fugue to a dilettante, who is not qualified to hear it as it must be heard, still less to read a score written in the contrapuntal style? Vague and utterly false impressions, obscurities, in short absolutely nothing. The only work in this style, into whose meaning he has power to penetrate, if he go farther, is, perhaps, the "Chaos" of Haydn.

(To be continued.)

MR. NICHOLSON, organ builder, of Macclesfield, met his death, lately, in a very singular manner. The unfortunate gentleman was "voicing" a pipe of an organ; he applied his ear to it, when suddenly a splinter broke off, entered his ear, and, by degrees, penetrated to his brain. At the end of three weeks' time he expired in great agony.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 600.)

PART II.

BUT what form of the drama would, in the sense we have pointed out, the downfall of the State, healthy organic Society, produce?

The destruction of the State can, reasonably, be nothing else than the *religious consciousness of Society of its purely human essential attributes realizing itself*. This consciousness can, by its nature, be no dogma impressed on us from without, that is to say: it cannot rest upon historical tradition, or be inculcated by the State. As long as any action of our lives is demanded of us as an outward duty, so long will the object of that action be no object of a religious consciousness, for when we act in obedience to religious consciousness we do so out of ourselves, and, in fact, cannot do otherwise. Religious consciousness, however, is *universal consciousness*, and consciousness can only be universal when it recognises the unconscious, involuntary, purely human principle as the only true and necessary one, and justifies it from that recognition. As long as the purely human principle floats before our minds in any degree of obscurity, and, in our present state of Society, it cannot do otherwise, so long shall we be a million-fold embarrassed in our notion as to what man should be; so long as, in error as to his truly essential attributes, we conjure up ideas as to how they might be manifested, we shall, also, be obliged to seek and strive after arbitrary forms, in which these imaginary essential attributes shall display themselves. We shall, too, have States and religions until we have only one religion and no State. But if this religion must necessarily be an universal one, it can be sought else than the actual nature of man justified by consciousness, and every man must be capable of experiencing it unconsciously and confirming it involuntarily. This universal human nature is most strongly felt by the *individual* as peculiarly and individually his own, as it is manifested in him as the *instinct of life and love*; the satisfaction of this instinct is what drives each separate man towards Society, in which, *precisely because he can satisfy the instinct in Society alone*, he arrives, completely of his own accord, at that consciousness, which, as a religion, that is to say an universal one, justifies his Nature. In the *free self-disposal of individuality lies, therefore, the foundation of the social religion of the Future*, which will not have been called into life, until this individuality receives through Society its most expediting justification.

The inexhaustible multifariousness of the relations of living individualities to one another, and the endless abundance of new forms, always exactly corresponding, in their changes, to the peculiarity of these relations of life, we are not capable of representing to ourselves even approximatively, because, up to the present time, we can perceive all human relations only in the shape of historical authorisation, and only according to their predestination through the political rule of the State.* We are capable, however, of surmising the endless wealth of living individual relations, if we look upon them as purely human, always fully and wholly present, that is to say, if we consider as far removed from them everything extra-human, or un-present, everything that has placed itself as property and historical right in the State between them, snapt asunder the bond of love uniting them, unindividualised them, and rendered them politically uniform and stable.

But, on the other hand, we can represent to ourselves these relations in the greatest simplicity, if we comprehend the most distinguishing and principal moments of individual human life, which must, too, of itself presuppose general life, as characteristic differences of Society itself, such, for instance, as *Youth and*

Age, Growth and Maturity, Zeal and Repose, Activity and Contemplation, Involuntariness and Consciousness.

The point of *custom*, which we have recognised as most naïve in the maintenance of socially-moral notions, but, in its hardening into the political morality of the State, as completely inimical to the development of individuality, and, lastly, as demoralising and negating the purely human principle, is, however, as something involuntarily human, well-founded. But, if we investigate more nearly, we perceive in it merely a point of the many-sidedness of human nature, which varies in the individual according to age. A man is not the same in youth as in old age; in youth we long for deeds—in old age for repose. We are as sensitive to the interruption of our repose in old age, as to the obstruction of our activity in youth. The yearning of old age is justified of itself by the gradual decay of the instinct of activity, and by this decay men gain *experience*. Experience is, however, of itself, full of enjoyment and information for those who have gone through it, but for those who have not, and are merely taught by those who have, it can only be attended with decisive results, either by the instinct of activity being easily mastered and weak in the person taught, or the points of experiment forcibly imposed upon him as an obligatory rule of conduct for his actions;—it is only by such constraint, however, that man's natural instinct of activity is to be weakened; this weakening, which, at a superficial glance, strikes us as absolute, and of itself based upon human nature, and by which we thus endeavour to justify our laws inciting us again to activity, is, therefore, only conditional.

As human Society received its first moral notions from family life, respect for old age was, also, imparted to it, this respect being, however, called forth, brought about, presupposed, and motivated in families by love; the father loved his son above everything, advised him out of love, and, also, out of love let him have his own way. In Society, however, this motive founded on love was diminished exactly in the same proportion that the respect was directed from a person to notions and extra-human things, which—of themselves unreal—did not exercise towards us that reciprocal action, in which love was able to return respect; that is to say: to deprive it of fear. The father became a *God* could no longer love us; the advice of our parents could, when changed into a *law*, no longer leave us free to do as we chose; the family, when it became the *State*, could no longer judge us in conformity with the involuntariness of the approval of love, but according to the statutes of cold treaties of morality. The State imposes upon us—according to the most intelligent comprehension of it—the experience of history as a guide for our actions; but we only truly act, if from involuntary action we arrive at experience; experience learnt from the communication of another person will only be attended with any results for us, if we, by involuntary acts, go through it ourselves. The true and real love of age for youth is shown; therefore, not in its making its own experience a standard for the acts of youth, but in its directing the latter to experience, and thus enriching its own store of that quality, for the characteristic and convincing feature of any piece of experience is precisely the individual elements in it, the *Peculiar* and the *Knowable*, which it gains from having been obtained through the involuntary action of one particular individual, in one particular case.

The downfall of the State is, therefore, tantamount to the removal of the barrier which has been raised, through the egotistical vanity of experience, as a prejudice against the involuntariness of individual action. This barrier at present assumes the position that naturally belongs to *love*, and is, according to its essential attributes, *hardheartedness*, that is to say, contented infatuation for one's own experience, and the will, finally carried out by force, to learn nothing more—the selfish and restricted views of use—the horrible laziness of repose. Through love, however, the father knows that he has not yet sufficient experience, but that he is able to enrich himself immeasurably by that of his son, which, in his love for the latter, he makes his own. It is in the capability of enjoying others' deeds, the purpose of which it can, through love, make into a subject worthy of being shared and affording enjoyment, that the beauty of old age consists. Wherever, through love and in obedience to nature,

* The individuality which the State allows us is—when we are true to the State—confirmed by our *signalement* in a passport granted by the Police, or—when we are untrue to the State—by a warrant for our apprehension. The State thus takes upon itself, through the Police, the task of the poet and characteriser.

it is present, this repose is in nowise a hindrance to the instinct of activity of Youth, but a furtherance of it. It is the allowance made for the activity of Youth in an element of love, which from contemplating this activity is implicated in it to the highest artistic extent, and becomes generally an element of artistic life.

Age, which has already gained experience, is capable of grasping, in accordance with its characteristic purport, and surveying, in its connected form, the activity of Youth, in which the latter is manifested according to involuntary impulse, and unconsciously; it is, therefore, able to justify these acts more completely than active youth itself, because it knows how to explain them, and represent them with consciousness. In the repose of Old Age we thus gain the point of the highest poetical capability, and a younger man can only make this his own, when he has gained the repose in question, that is to say: the aforesaid justness towards the occurrences of life.

The loving warning of the man of experience to the man of none, of the tranquil man to the man of passion, of the person looking on to the person actively engaged, is most convincingly and successfully conveyed by a true reproduction to the involuntarily active man of his peculiar essential attributes. The man fettered by the unconscious zeal of life, is not brought to a judicative knowledge of his essential attributes by a general moral warning. This can only be completely effected when, in a true picture presented to his view, he is able to recognise himself, for real knowledge is recognition, as consciousness is knowing our unconsciousness. That which warns is the understanding, the conscious power of viewing things possessed by the experienced man; that which is to be warned is the feelings, the unconscious instinct of activity of the person gaining experience. The understanding can know nothing more than the justification of the feelings, for it is itself only the repose which follows the creative emotion of the feelings; it only justifies itself, when it knows itself to be presupposed by the involuntary feelings, while that understanding which is justified by the feelings, no longer fettered by the feelings of any one person in particular, but just towards the feelings generally, is reason.

The understanding is, as reason, in so far superior to the feelings that it is capable of judging all-justly the activity of the individual feeling in contact with its active object and opposite, likewise active from individual feeling: it is the highest social force, solely self-conditional through Society, and one which is able to recognise the speciality of the feelings according to their kind, to find them again in it, and, moreover, to justify them by it. It is thus also able to adapt itself to expression by means of the feelings, if its object is to communicate only with what is full of feeling—and love lends it the necessary organs. It knows by the feeling of love, which urges it to communication, that, for the person engaged in passionate and involuntary action, only that is intelligible which is addressed to his feelings; if it wished to appeal to his understanding, it would take for granted in him precisely what he must first gain from the communication, and would necessarily be unintelligible. The feelings grasp only what is similar to themselves, as the bare understanding—as such—can only communicate with the understanding. The feelings remain cold in the reflection of the understanding; the reality of the circumstance allied to them can alone captivate them into interest. This circumstance must be the sympathetically working picture of the peculiar essential attributes belonging to the active personage, and only sympathetic effect calls it forth, when it is represented in an action justified by the same feelings, which the personage experiences, from this action and justification, as his own. From this feeling of sympathy he arrives quite as involuntarily at the understanding of his own peculiar, individual essential attributes, as, from the objects and opposites of his course of feeling and action, in which, in the picture, his own feelings and actions were developed, he learned, also, to know the essential attributes of these opposites, and that because, from a lively sympathy for his own picture removed from out himself, he is carried away to an involuntary interest in the feelings and actions even of his opposites, and inclined to acknowledgment and justice towards them, as they no longer stand opposed to his embarrassment in real action.

It is, therefore, only in the most perfect work of Art, in the Drama, that our views of what we have experienced can be communicated with perfect success, and precisely for this reason, that, in the drama, by the employment of all man's artistic capabilities of expression, the poet's intention is most fully communicated out of the understanding to the feelings, that is, artistically to the immediate receptive organs of the feelings, the senses. The drama is distinguished as the most perfect work of Art from all other kinds of poetry by the very fact, that the intention is, by its most perfect realization, done away with, so as to become completely unnoticeable: wherever, in the drama, the intention, that is to say, the will of the understanding, can still be noticed, the impression is, also, damped, for whenever we still wish to see the poet, we feel that he is not yet capable of anything. The fact of the poet's being capable, however, is the perfect merging of the intention in the work of art, the understanding become feeling. The poet can only carry out his intention by materializing before our eyes the circumstances of life in their fullest involuntariness, and thus justifying life itself by its necessity, for it is this necessity alone that the feelings, to which he addresses himself, are capable of understanding.

In the represented dramatic work of art, there must be nothing left for the combining understanding to seek; every circumstance in it must be brought to a conclusion that will tranquillize our feelings with regard to it, for in the tranquillizing of these feelings, after they have been excited by sympathy to the highest pitch, lies the very repose which produces in us involuntarily the comprehension of life. In the Drama we must know things through our feelings. The understanding does not say to us: *thus is it*, until the feelings have said: *thus must it be!* These feelings, however, only become intelligible through themselves: they understand no other language than their own. Circumstances, which can only be rendered clear to us by means of the endlessly mediating understanding, are unintelligible and disturbing to the feelings. An action can, therefore, only be explained in the drama when it is fully justified to the feelings, and thus it is the task of the dramatic poet not to invent different actions, but, out of the necessity of the feelings, to render one action so intelligible that we may be enabled to dispense altogether with the aid of the understanding for its justification. The principal object, therefore, which the poet must keep in view is the choice of a subject, which he must so select, that, both in its character and proportions, it may render its justification by the feelings possible, for on this justification the attainment of his purpose altogether depends.

Any action which can only be understood by historical relations, from their nature un-present, or by the consideration of religious dogmas, impressed on us from without, and not inwardly universal, is—as we have seen—to be represented only to the understanding and not to the feelings; this could be most satisfactorily effected by narrative and description, by an appeal to the imaginative powers of the understanding, and not by immediate presentation to the feelings and their definitely grasping organs, the senses, because an action of this description is most decidedly one not to be grasped by these senses, and must contain a mass of relations totally beyond the possibility of being presented to the material view, and requiring, to be understood, to be left to the combining organ of thought alone. In a historico-political drama, therefore, the poet's object was naturally to give us his intention—as such—quite unadorned and bare; the whole drama would have remained perfectly unintelligible and incapable of producing any impression, if his intention were not ultimately rendered very apparent, in the form of a human moral, out of an immense chaos of pragmatic motives employed in mere portrayal. In the course of a piece of this description, people involuntarily enquired, "What does the poet mean?"

Now the action, which is to be justified for and through the feelings, does not meddle with any moral, but all moral is based merely on its justification through the involuntary human feelings. It is itself the aim, in so far as it is meant to be justified only by the feelings from which it springs. It can only be such a one as proceeds from the truest relations, that is to say, those

most intelligible to the feelings, lying nearest human emotions, and thus the most simple—from relations which can only spring from a state of human society agreeing, by its essential attributes, with itself; uninfluenced by unessential notions, and unresent grounds of justification, belonging only to itself, and not to the past.

No action of life is isolated; it stands in connection with the actions of other men, on which, as on the individual feelings of the person himself engaged in the action, it is conditional. The weakest connection is that of only small, unimportant actions, which require less the strength of a necessary feeling, than the mere caprice of humour for their explanation. The greater and more decisive an action, the more can it be explained only by the force of a necessary feeling, the more decided and the more extensive the connection in which it stands with the actions of other persons. A great action, representing the essential attributes of man in a certain direction, most visibly and exhaustingly, proceeds only from the friction of various and strong contrasts. In order that we may judge aright these contrasts themselves, and be enabled to comprehend, from the individual feelings of the personages actively engaged, the actions conveyed in them, a great action must, however, be represented in a wide circle of relations, for, until it is in such a circle, it cannot be understood. As a consequence of this, the first and most peculiar task of the poet consists in his keeping such a circle in view from the very beginning, perfectly measuring its extent, minutely investigating, according to its size and relation to the principal action, every separate particular in it, and then making the standard of his own understanding of them the standard of their intelligibility as an artistic fact, by compressing their extended circle towards his centre, and thus condensing it into the understanding-giving periphery of the hero. This condensation is the peculiar work of the poetising understanding, which, in its turn, is the centre and summit of the entire man, who, from this point, divides into the receiving and communicating.

As a circumstance is first seized by our involuntary feelings, directed to without, and is presented to the imaginative faculty, as to the first active power of the brain, the understanding, which is nothing more than the imaginative faculty arranged according to the real proportions of the circumstance, is obliged, for the purpose of communicating what it has perceived, to advance, in its turn, to the involuntary feelings. In our understanding, circumstances are mirrored as that which they really are; but this mirrored reality is merely something thought; in order to communicate this *thought* reality, the understanding must represent it to the feelings in a picture similar to that in which the feelings originally represented it to the understanding, and this picture is the work of the fancy. It is only by means of the *fancy* that the understanding can maintain an intercourse with the feelings. The understanding can only grasp the whole reality of a circumstance, when it breaks up and divides into its minutest parts the picture in which the reality is presented to it by the fancy; directly it wishes to connect the different parts again, it has to devise a fresh picture, that no longer corresponds, in real accuracy, to the reality of the circumstance, but only in the same proportion in which man is capable of recognising it. Thus, even the most simple action, by the immense many-memberedness of its connection, plunges the understanding, which would examine it under the anatomical microscope, into amaze and bewilderment; if it would comprehend the action, it is only by removing the microscope, and producing the picture, which alone its human eye can grasp, that it can arrive at its comprehension, which finally is rendered possible only by the involuntary feelings—justified by the understanding. This picture of circumstances, a picture in which alone the feelings are capable of comprehending circumstances, and which the understanding, in order to render itself intelligible to the feelings, must form on the model of the one first presented to it by the fancy through the feelings, is for the purpose of the poet—who, also, must compress the circumstances of life from their immeasurable many-memberedness into a compact shape, easily comprehended—nothing more than the *miracle*.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—For the second People's Concert last Saturday evening, the engagements included Madame Anna Thillon, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Case, Mr. Richardson (flute), and Mr. Spark (conductor). In consequence of the "high pressure" excitement in the town about the war, the attendance was not so good as usual, and we fear the exchequer has suffered. The performances, however, were unexceptionable, and nearly all the pieces were given with great spirit, and received by the audience with genuine enthusiasm. The reception given to Mr. Richardson, the justly-esteemed flautist, and who is a native of Leeds, was uproarious. Unfortunately, just as Mr. Richardson was commencing his first solo, the "combined brass bands," who had been parading the streets, struck up, just opposite to the Hall, the everlasting "Partant pour la Syrie." Peace having been obtained, and the men who love "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" removed safely to the next street, the concert was proceeded with, and everything went off well. Madame Anna Thillon's "Minnie;" Mr. Augustus Braham's "Off in the still night," and a new patriotic song, written for the occasion by Mr. Spark, entitled "Sebastopol is taken;" Mr. Farquharson's "O ruddier than the cherry;" and Mr. Case's concertina solos, were the chief pieces which obtained most favour.—Next Saturday we are to be favoured with an Italian party, consisting of Madame Evelina Garcia, Signor Gardoni, M. Zelger, Madame Amedei, with Sig. Regondi (concertina), Miss Ellen Day (pianist), and Messrs. Land and Spark (conductors).

MANCHESTER.—The first concert of the season of the Trafford Glee Club is announced. Miss Whitham and Mr. Thomas are engaged as vocalists, and Mr. D. W. Banks as pianist. At the Theatre Royal, Mrs. German Reed (late Miss P. Horton), commenced on Monday evening week her new entertainment, entitled "Illustrative Gatherings," which she gave with considerable success. The story of "Rose Lilly" was admirably told by Mrs. Reed, and the new song, the composition of Mrs. Norton, "The Murmur of the Shell," was loudly applauded. Mr. Reed acts as accompanist, and shows himself to be an able musician.

BRIGHTON.—The concert lately announced by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., did not take place, owing to the illness of Madame Bosio. The Beale troupe will, however, pay us a visit next month, Herr Kuhe having engaged them for his annual concert. Our city has lately been visited by numerous musical professionals, who, by the bye, seem to have a partiality for this "monster" watering place. Among the number were Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. F. B. Jewson, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. Aguilar, Mr. Brinley Richards, Herr Oberthür, Mr. J. B. Chatterton, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrari, Miss Messent, Miss Land, &c., &c. Mr. Oury and his band continue their daily performance at the Pavilion.

WEDNESBURY.—On Wednesday evening, the society of the Musical Institute performed Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, to a crowded and highly gratified audience, who listened throughout the entire oratorio with profound attention. The performance was eminently successful and reflected great credit on all engaged. The principal performers were Miss Timmins, Mrs. Hayward, Miss White, Mr. J. Knowles, Mr. B. Knowles, and Mr. W. H. Poole.

BARNET.—Mr. Frank Bodda gave his annual evening concert at the Town Hall, on Friday the 14th instant. He was assisted by Misses Birch, Augusta Manning, and Eyles, Messrs. Miranda, Distin, and Alfred Gilbert. There were several encores gained by Miss Birch, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Mr. Alfred Gilbert played two pianoforte solos in a highly finished manner, and was much applauded. The Hall was very full.

DUBLIN.—(Abridged from the "Daily Express.")—ITALIAN OPERA.—The series of operas at the Theatre Royal concluded with a second performance of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, on Tuesday evening week, for the benefit of Madame Viardot Garcia. The operas performed during the series included two which were heard in Ireland for the first time, viz.—Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*,—the others being Donizetti's *Lucia*, Rossini's *Barbiere* and *Otello*, Bellini's *Puritani*, and an act of Auber's *Masaniello*. For the performance of these works

a corps of artists was provided such as we have seldom heard together in this city, and for whose presence we are indebted to the joint enterprise of Mr. Harris, Messrs. Cramer and Beale, of London, and Mr. Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera. In noticing one of the earliest operas of the season, we took occasion to refer to the spirit and intelligence with which Mr. Alfred Mellon wielded the conductor's baton. Now, at their close, we must do that gentleman the justice to say that never in this city was an orchestra conducted with greater skill and care, and that, with very few rehearsals, and having to control a band of which the greater number were, comparatively speaking, strangers, a result was produced most honourable to Mr. Mellon's talents. Next to M. Costa, under whom he was trained, Mr. Mellon is, as far as we know, the best conductor in England. To the arrangement of the *mise en scène* Mr. A. Harris, *régisseur* of the Royal Italian Opera, brought so much knowledge of effect and such experience in similar matters, that the excellence of the recent performances in these particulars cannot be wondered at. A grand concert, by the Royal Italian Opera company, took place at the Rotunda on Thursday evening, the 13th instant, when a highly pleasing programme was given. During the last performance of the *Prophète* immense enthusiasm was manifested in reference to the all-engrossing topic—the fall of Sebastopol. Between the first and second acts some person in the lower gallery called for a cheer on the subject, which was responded to, not only in the pit and galleries, but in the private and dress boxes, and repeated again and again. The orchestra immediately afterwards played “God save the Queen,” “Partant pour la Syrie,” “Rule Britannia,” and “Patrick's Day,” the whole house standing and cheering enthusiastically.

FOREIGN.

HAMBURG, Sept. 19th.—(From a Correspondent.)—With an immense population, wealth, a constant and prodigious influx of strangers from all parts of the globe, and an opera-house of extraordinary magnitude and rare architectural beauty, Hamburg, although one of the first of German cities, has at present no regular opera. The last *entrepreneur* having failed, the theatre is now in the hands of a gentleman called Sachse; who, however, has only taken it up for a probationary season, extending over two weeks. His company has been hurriedly and rashly collected, and *Gast-Rollen* engagements, made with the most easily-convertible artists, form the staple attractions of his play-bills. Here, as everywhere else, excepting London and Paris, the performances must be constantly varied, for there are not sufficient play-goers to render the frequent repetition of one piece profitable; and the consequence of this in the present instance is a “plentiful lack” of rehearsals, with all its concomitant imperfections. It were uncharitable, therefore, to judge “musical Hamburg” by a state of things which may be regarded as exceptional. Some of the “stars,” however, possess abilities of a high order, and entitled to special mention are a very young lady named Anna Keyssell, a high and light *soprano* with brilliant execution and much histrionic talent; Mad. Maximilien, a *soprano di forza*, who has a very powerful voice and sings with much expression; and, “though last not least,” Herr Reichardt, who, to speak truly, is the “bright particular star” of the company. This gentleman, already extremely popular with the London public, seems (despite a certain musty proverb which I need not repeat) to be still more admired in his own country. In Hamburg he proves more attractive than any other tenor, and his “reception” on first appearing upon the stage is ever of that enthusiastic nature which betokens personal regard no less than artistic appreciation. It were doubtless superfluous to dilate upon the well-known powers of Herr Reichardt, but still it is but just to observe that those who have not heard him in operas of the light, florid school, where agility, smoothness, and *mezzo voce* singing are the requisite qualities, can form no adequate idea of his great merits. This, in fact, is the style in which he specially excels, and, strange to say, in England he has hitherto been heard almost exclusively in music of a totally different character. I heard him last night for the first time in

Il Barbiere, and was really delighted with his tasteful and eminently skilful vocalisation, no less than with his spirited and gentlemanly acting as the Count Almaviva. Appropriate grace and fluency characterised his delivery of the whole of Rossini's music, and his well-known abilities as a German “*Lieder*” singer were also most advantageously displayed in the familiar “*Laura mein*” (which, as you know, he sings most charmingly), and another, the title of which we forget. You will perhaps be astonished to hear of German “*Lieder*” apropos of the *Barbiere*; but no less than four of these compositions were introduced in the “*lesson scene*,” the two others being sung by Mdle. Anna Keyssell as Rosina. Nor were these the only innovations; for to the score were added trombones, side and great drums, cymbals, etc., where Rossini never dreamed of placing them; a large piece was cut out of the finale to the first act, and the charming little song for Bertha (the old woman) omitted altogether; whilst for the air in E flat “*Un Dottore*” was substituted, a long comic (!) *scena* which it is said was written by Rossini for the first performance of his opera at Vienna. Whether this be true or not (and I think it very doubtful) the music, though Rossinian in phraseology, is decidedly inferior to the rest of the opera, and seems more like a heavy German imitation of the mercurial Italian than an original production. Mdle. Anna Keyssell was very warmly applauded, as she well deserved to be, in the “*Una voce*” (transposed into F), and one of her *Lieder*. But, as we have said, the chief honours of the evening were won by Herr Reichardt, whose performance indeed was worthy of any stage.

ITALY.—At Naples a new opera by Signor G. Terranova, entitled *L'Orfana di Lorena*, has been produced with success. It is a first production, and must consequently be treated with a certain amount of indulgence. Several pieces are mentioned as having excited considerable applause, among which may be cited the *tango* of the *caratina* for soprano of the first act, and the finale of the same—which is extremely animated and well written; the *cabaletta* of the air of the tenor, after which the composer was called on, as well as after the *terzetto*. The third act opens with a charming duetto, which was well received, as was the chorus of fishermen, on which occasion the composer was again summoned to appear. The aria finale, which wound up the opera, was loudly applauded. The principal singers were Madame Paressa and Signori Mongini and Brignole. Signor Battista has given a mass at the church of San Giacomo. He is the author of several operas which have been successful, but his *forte* does not seem to lie in the sacred style. His music is described as flimsy and unsatisfactory.—At Verona, Sig. Apolloni's new opera, *L'Ebreo*, has been well received; the principal singers are Madame Piccolomini, and Signori Fracchini and Giraltoni. It is said that Sig. Ricci has just finished his new opera, *I Mori in Ispagna*.—On the 12th the Canobbiano opened at Milan; five operas will be given—Donizetti's *Favorita*, Corrado di Alamura, by Ricci, *I Puritani*, and *Gli Ugonotti*. The company is composed of Mesdames Viola, Bocherini, Orcechia, Ghedini, and Signori Giuglini, Bertolini, Zacchi, Delle-Sedie, and Scheggi.

ZIEBENSTEIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Countess de Sauerma, known formerly to the musical world as Mdle. Rosalie Spohr, the harpist, and niece of Dr. L. Spohr, is at present with her husband at this charming watering place, where she is delighting everybody by her talent. The Countess de Sauerma had the honour, lately, of being invited to a *soirée* by the Duchess of Saxe-Heiningen, where she performed several of Parish Alvar's compositions. She also played Oberthür's “*Elegy* on the death of Parish Alvars,” one of the best compositions of that clever author. The Duke and Duchess of Heiningen, together with the Princess Anna Weimar, expressed, in the most flattering terms, the pleasure they had received from the performances of the Countess de Sauerma, and the Duchess, who was especially delighted, and who is an ardent admirer of the harp, invited the Countess, a few days afterwards, to a private performance at her residence.

OSTEND.—Among the “bathers” at this improving watering place are MM. Vieuxtemps, Servais, Schulhoff, Döhler, M. and Mad. Leonard, &c. So that just now music is about as plentiful at Ostend as oysters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MENDELSSOHN AND ELI."—In our next.

INQUIRER.—*Sig. Cavallini, the clarionetist, belongs to the orchestra of the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg.*

DEATHS.

LEONARD MAELZEL—inventor of the Metronome—of cholera, at Vienna, aged 77.

PETIPA—*maitre de ballet* to the Russian court—aged 68.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1855.

WHATEVER is to be the fate of Mr. Costa's *Eli* at Exeter Hall, its admirers seem determined not to let the world forget it in the interval. Had a new *Don Giovanni* appeared (from any other pen) there would not, in all likelihood, have been half such a fuss. To hear some people talk, we are almost forced to conclude that, before Mr. Costa, there was never an Italian composer—Rossini is snuffed out, and Cherubini laid on the shelf. The others, of course, are not worth naming. And yet, if memory serves us, Rossini composed a *Stabat Mater*, almost if not quite as good as *Eli*, and Cherubini some masses and requiems, which pedants ("purists") make bold to pronounce a good deal better.

The success of *Eli* at Birmingham has been recorded in the *Musical World*. Its merits as a composition we have not yet presumed to discuss, and must wait until the dust is laid. When the great "company of preachers," so clamorous in their praise, allow us to get a word in "edgeways," we may speak; when they are out of breath, we shall have a chance of proclaiming our sentiments—but not till then. Meanwhile we have read with considerable interest many of the criticisms of our contemporaries, all of whom, with the almost solitary exception of *The Sunday Times*,* appear to entertain the opinion that *Eli* is a masterpiece, worthy to be ranked with the best sacred works of Händel and Mendelssohn. Now, although we cannot possibly admit the justice of such a verdict—and, indeed, to speak plainly, are compelled to regard it as a singular hallucination—we shall refrain from arguing the point at present, fully convinced of the sincerity of our contemporaries, and merely regretting, for the sake of art, that they should have been led into a grave mistake. But, while extending that courtesy which is due from newspaper writers, no less than from gentlemen, to each other, we are entitled to look for much in return. How far we may expect it, however, in some quarters, is matter for speculation. The communication of "An English Musician," which we publish in our leading columns, offers a case in point that is calculated to excite reflections by no means satisfactory. Surely this is not the way to convince the world that *Eli* is a masterpiece.

The *Athenæum* gives an opinion without reference to what others may say or think, and no more is expected from a journal. The general view which the writer for that paper takes of the music of *Eli* (though, it is scarcely necessary to add, at variance with our own) is worth quoting:—

* *The Times* has given no detailed analysis.

"*Eli* is welcome, because of its nationality. No pseudo-Germanism is in it, no pretence of grimness or mysticism, but a graceful roundness of period, an amplitude of phrase, a purity and expression in the recitatives—an Italian recognition of beauty (in short), as the quality which should preponderate in a work of art, excellent, when it is borne out, as here, with sound science and choice finish. The oratorio has been planned as a whole, its proportions have been judiciously distributed, its details carefully studied. If some of Sig. Costa's primal ideas are not remarkable for their novelty, they are always large, simple, befitting the character and the situation. There is the Temple in *Eli*, with its august calm, and the sublime splendour of its rites, to which the Most High deigned to come down in His glory. There are, also, without the walls of Shiloh, the rival camps:—here the Philistines shouting for their prey; there the Israelites marching out with the Ark, in confidence, about to be rebuked by defeat. The ungodly revel of the licentious priests is there in all its fierce voluptuousness. There, too, we have the simple morning and evening prayer of the Temple-child. Signor Costa has paid an attention to his choral part-writing rare in these days, when the instruments are chiefly expected to bear 'the burden of the song.' In one or two of his fugues the continuous treatment of well-marked subjects reminds us that we have to do with a countryman of the *Claris* and *Colonnas*, to whom Händel was indebted for some of his science. Yet the orchestra is handled in a masterly fashion—a harmonious use of the stringed quartet being made—so much at variance with the awkward and student fashions of modern romanticism, as to remind us of a symphonist no less eminent than Cherubini. Here and there a last touch of brightness might be added; here and there the introduction of a peculiar instrument (say the harp) might be attended with greater variety of form and figure; but the objections which can be made are such as a slight reconsideration will enable the writer to remedy; while, as the oratorio stands, it is a dignified, manly, and individual work, worthy of the occasion on which it was produced, and calculated to increase the reputation of its composer."

After reading this thrice, we confess we are not quite able to fathom its meaning. The reference to the "*Claris* and *Colonnas*" is odd, since Mr. Costa, we have read somewhere, was a pupil of Tritto—to whom Händel, by the way, was indebted for about as much of his science as to "the *Claris* and *Colonnas*," and no more. It is also a queer sort of compliment to say that "there is no pretence of grimness" in the oratorio—since no composer, we imagine, would "pretend" to be "grim" in his music, unless he was mad. Nevertheless, the judgment of the *Athenæum*, while occasionally vague, is decidedly flattering; and no doubt the "last touch of brightness" recommended by the critic will be "added" by Mr. Costa before *Eli* is produced at Exeter Hall; and then we shall have "a perfect whole." We must cite another paragraph from the *Athenæum*, as rather more curious than exact:—

"Possibly, no production has ever been exposed to a severer ordeal of scrutiny and comparison than Signor Costa's *Eli*:—in part, because its writer has made sparing appearances as a composer; in part, because his position places him in that glare of electric light (our metaphor is not too strong) in which the smallest speck, inequality, or flaw, is sure to be distinctly seen and unscrupulously commented on; and, most of all, because the last new oratorio given in Birmingham has been almost accepted in England as the greatest oratorio which has been written for a hundred years past. To gain a footing for any successor to *Elijah* is no task for child, or charlatan, or writer careless of means and ends, to attempt."

We maintain, on the contrary, that "no production has ever been exposed to a less severe ordeal of scrutiny and comparison than Mr. Costa's *Eli*. It was exposed indeed to no "scrutiny" at all; but, heralded in advance as a *chef-d'œuvre*, was at once accepted as such by the Birmingham audience, with entire good faith. Time alone can show whether the display of enthusiasm on that occasion was as well warranted as it was unprecedented. With respect to "comparison"—where was "comparison" to be made? With *Elijah*?—with the

Messiah?—for shame! The article, which is quite as long as it is ably written, and contains much detailed eulogy (we were about to say criticism), for which we have no space, winds up as follows:—

"A word must be added as to the reception of *Eli*. Its success was entire and universal. The hall was very full; and the large audience seemed for once willing to resign itself to a new work, without jealous fear or ill-bestowed favour. As has been noted, the public (and it was no public of cliques and circles) would testify its enjoyment in its own way. The enthusiasm was real and universal—the call for Signor Costa at the close of the performance was a hearty and unanimous manifestation, such as it does a heart good to witness. To all who have watched the career from strength to strength, and from honour to honour, of an excellent musician and upright man, and who reflect that (as we have already indicated) it has been pursued under circumstances where one false step or false word would have been fatal, the success of *Eli* will be cordially welcome."

To which, barring, in some measure, the brief parenthesis (which had better have been omitted), we say "Amen," in all sincerity.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER wrote a letter to a friend at Dresden touching the reception he met with in this country, while conducting the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The letter, which was written a day or two subsequent to the seventh concert, was published in a Berlin paper a few weeks since, and runs as follows:—

"The false reports which have been put in circulation as regards my difficulties with the directors of the Philharmonic Society, and my consequent withdrawal from London, are based entirely upon the following circumstance. After the fourth concert, as I entered the withdrawing room I met several friends, to whom I communicated the annoyance I felt, that I had ever consented to direct that kind of concert; a matter which, as a general thing, does not at all come within my sphere. These endless programmes, with their masses of vocal and instrumental pieces, weary me, and torture my aesthetic feeling: I ought to have foreseen the impossibility of introducing any change or amelioration to this established order of things; and this thought increased a discontent, which rested upon the mere fact that I had undertaken a thing of the kind, not on my relations in London, and least of all on a public which had always received me in a friendly and distinguished manner, and oftentimes with great warmth. Quite indifferent to me, on the other hand, was the abuse of London critics, who only proved by their attacks that I had omitted to bribe them. Indeed, it always amused me to observe how they still left a door open, in order upon the slightest approach on my part to change their tactics:—a step, of course, which I never thought of taking.

"On the evening in question, it made me fairly indignant, that after the A major symphony of Beethoven I had to direct a poor vocal piece and a trivial overture by Onslow; and, (as I generally am in these matters,) I indignantly declared aloud to my friends my dissatisfaction, and that on the morrow I should take my dismissal and return home. Accidentally a German singer was present: he heard my expressions and carried them immediately, still warm, to a newspaper writer. Since this time the reports are circulated in German papers which have deceived you. I need not tell you that the persuasions of my friends who accompanied me home, turned me, subsequently, from my somewhat hasty determination.

"Since then, my *Tannhäuser* overture has been finely played in the fifth concert, and well received by the public; although not fully understood. It was therefore the more pleasant to me that the Queen (which very seldom happens, and not every year) had signified her intention of being present at the seventh concert, and ordered a repetition of the overture. It was in itself a very pleasant thing that the Queen overlooked my exceedingly compromised political position (which with great malignity was openly alluded to in the *Times*), and without fear attended a public performance, which I directed: but her further conduct toward me infinitely compensated for all the disagreeable circumstances and coarse enmities which I had heretofore encountered. She and Prince Albert, who sat in front next the orchestra, applauded after the *Tannhäuser* overture, which closed the first part, with almost inviting warmth, so that the public broke forth into lively and sustained applause. During the intermission the Queen sent for

me in the saloon, and received me in presence of her suite with these words: "I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Your composition has charmed me." She thereupon made further inquiries (in a long conversation in which Prince Albert took part,) as to my other compositions; and asked if it were not possible to translate my operas into Italian. I had, of course, to give the negative to this, and state that my stay here could only be temporary, as the only position open was the direction of a concert-institute; which was not properly my affair. At the close of the concert the Queen and the Prince again in the most friendly manner applauded me.

"I communicate this to you because it may please you, and allow you, with pleasure, further to communicate what I have written, as I see how much error and malice as to my stay in London there is to correct and expose. On the 25th of June is the last concert and I leave here on the 26th, in order at last to resume my long interrupted work, in home retirement."

Herr Richard Wagner—according to his own showing—has been used most scurvily by the London press; but this was counterbalanced by—according to his own showing—"the friendly warmth of the public" and the smiles of royalty. Why should the poet-musician of "The Future" care for the sneers or jealousies of the critics, if his pet overture to *Tannhäuser*—according to his own showing—was "well received by the public, although not fully understood?" Why should he trouble himself about the opinions of English artists as to his powers as a musician and his talents as a conductor, if Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with double smile benignant and two-fold graciousness of approbation, sent for him to the royal box and complimented him in both capacities? Was it not an honour the Queen of England never conferred upon a native composer and a native director? Herr Richard Wagner has much to complain of—according to his own showing—but much more remains for self-gratulation.

It is a cause for bitter regret, that the "aesthetic feelings" of the writer of "the books" should be "tortured," by being compelled to direct a miscellaneous programme. What an indictment for the author-composer of *Lohengrin* to conduct such frivolities and platitudes as the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and to be obliged to beat time for singers interpreting such vague plagiarisms from the "people's-songs" as "Dove sono" or "Ah! perfido!" The committee—in compliment to so renowned a musician—should have allowed Herr Richard Wagner to construct one of the programmes of the eight concerts according to his own pleasure and judgment. What a treat for the aesthetic section of the subscribers to the Old Philharmonic! We can fancy the delight of the big-wigs at reading in the *Times* the announcement of the concert, which, in all probability, would contain something like the following:—

Part I. Overture, *Lohengrin*—Wagner; Selection, *Lohengrin*—Wagner; Chorus, *La Vestale*—Spontini; Quintette, *Rienzi*—Wagner; Overture, *Tannhäuser*—Wagner. Part II. Overture, *Der Fliegende Holländer*—Wagner; Missa Solemnis in D—Beethoven; Overture Characteristique, *Franz Liszt* (written expressly for the occasion)—Wagner.

Whether a programme conducted on the above principle would act upon the audience as a stimulant or a narcotic, it is not easy to say. Doubtless, the effect produced would be as if from the application of one of the two medicaments, and we should like to see it tried by way of experiment.

The most extraordinary thing connected with the advent of Herr Richard Wagner to this country, involving a new phase in his artistic career, is, that, with an author's natural longing to have his works praised, and with a full knowledge of the venality of the press, he should have omitted to bribe the musical critics. Was there ever such folly and stupidity! We do not exactly know the price at which each

individual newspaper can be bought—our own terms may be known from private enquiry at the printing-office—but we have no doubt a few thalers, tenderly tendered out of hearing of the editor—*entre nous*, the editor sometimes goes “snacks” with the critic—would have made the writer place *Lohengrin* beside *Fidelio*—would that have satisfied Herr Wagner?—and have rated *Tannhäuser* higher than *Don Giovanni*! Never was money more foolishly kept in pocket. Of course this false economy, this pecuniary reservation, this totality of dependence on self-merit, satisfactorily explains why Herr Richard Wagner, as composer and conductor, was “attacked” and “abused”—according to his own showing. He has to blame himself. Even *conscience* might have induced him to buy over the press, and have taught him that, in this instance, “corruption was no bribery.” As thus:—The opinion and judgment of English critics being as *nil*, and Herr Richard Wagner having it in his power, by the expenditure of a few “beggarly deniers,” to lead the said critics to the true belief and understanding—at least to the propoundment thereof, by which the world must be necessarily enlightened—it was clearly his bounden duty, as a moral man and an art-purist—as the *Athenæum* would say—not to speak of self-interest, which, of course, the man of “The Future” would totally abnegate and reject—to direct all his energies to seduce over to his own views every individual member of the London press. What a loss the world has sustained in not having *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* praised; and this might have been secured for—say, a couple of pounds a-head. But Herr Richard Wagner carried his folly and stupidity to the very pinnacle, when even—according to his own showing—the critics “still left a door open for him;” and still the obstinate man of “The Future” refused “to come down with the dust.” Such an act only proves how even clear-sighted genius may sometimes be overshadowed, and how the profoundest intellect may sometimes jump over the shallowest conclusions.

The next time Herr Wagner comes to London, we recommend him strongly to bring with him a little more money, or a little better music. In the event of his changing his mind, and becoming an honest convert to the good old bribery system, he may be induced to speculate on the virtue of a few thalers. Should the critics refuse the money, as there's no knowing what these obstinate and malignant dogs may do, especially if they fancy they have been cheated out of their lawful due—we advise him to try a small dose of real good music. It may, peradventure, have its weight and influence. It was by such simple means Mendelssohn bribed and corrupted universal England. Let Herr Richard Wagner endeavour to follow, if he cannot virtually imitate, so shining an example. After all, the great poet-dramatist-musician of “The Future” was not misinformed, or did not conceive amiss. The members of the English press are not inaccessible to bribery. Herr Richard Wagner may even now buy them. We only fear he has got neither the money nor the music.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The transcendent merits of *Eli* must be pretty familiar by this time to such members of the musical community as are in the habit of reading what the newspapers have got to say about music and the fine arts. More language than meaning, if you please, may be gleaned from the daily and weekly lucubrations of the metropolitan and provincial press. Words—words—words compose the sum and

substance of the most of them. Yet these words are so pointed that the unwitting public is inclined to believe in a miracle. That a new Messiah of harmony has appeared, on the tail of a comet, is becoming, to speak in metaphor, a general belief. All this is due to the critics, to the Institution of amateur *bourgeois* which exalts in the name of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to a posse of Italian singing-masters and accompanists, who form the *queue* of the *coulisses* at Covent Garden Theatre, and may be seen in swarms at the “benefits” of Sig. and Mad. Puzzi, the *fêtes champêtres* of Mad. Anichini, and the monster concerts of Mr. Benedict. For your brethren, the critics, Mr. Editor, I am sorry; but the policy of the others is easily seen through. Of the Italian “cabalettists” I need say nothing. The Sacred Harmonic is in a fix for novelty; and, as the managing committee are notorious for knowing very little about music, it is not surprising that, in the absence of a Mendelssohn, they should be ready and willing to prostrate themselves before a Costa. It is all one to them, so that the speculation holds out the chance of a fair per centage. They angled, it is true, for Mr. Leslie, but *Immanuel* swam in too deep waters for them, and would not bite. They tried M. Griesbach, and made him pay for the failure due to their own want of penetration. They gave imperfect performances of *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul*, and were astonished that these were “no go.” But now, at last, they have stumbled on a remedy. Mr. Mason, of Birmingham, has presented them with a nostrum, a panacea; and *Eli* is to set them on their feet again—*Eli*, with its “sound science and choice finish,” to use the affected phraseology of your contemporary, that great musical authority at the Athenæum Club, the *Athenæum*. “*Eli*! *Eli*! *Eli*!” will be the cry for some time hence, until the bubble shall have burst, and the emptiness be made apparent.

The uncompromising votaries of Mr. Costa—who, in their blind idolatry, remind me, more than of anything else, of the besotted pilgrims that cast themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut—are blowing the *Eli* mania into fever-heat throughout the provinces. The scheme is to plant it in all the musical festivals, as a triennial feature. *Eli*, *Elijah*, *The Messiah*—*Elijah*, *Eli*, *The Messiah*—*The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Eli*—will then be the order of the day, and the *Inverness Courier*, and its *bon-mot*, at a discount.* For my part I thought the articles in the London papers—the *Herald*, *Post*, and *Chronicle*—the *Daily News*, *Spectator*, *John Bull*, and *Illustrated London News* (four in one, a literary Cerberus, with a head too many)—sufficiently preposterous; but the Brummagem sheets beat them hollow. I have an article before me—in *Aris's Gazette*—which has been variously attributed to Mr. Hogarth, Mr. J. A. Baker, Mr. Alphonso Matthey, and Mr. Stimpson, organist of the Town Hall, here—an article that, for extravagant idolatry, fairly sends into shade all the dedications ever addressed by needy poets, philosophers, and historians, to their wealthy and distinguished patrons. The design of the writer—who had already apostrophised *Eli* and Mr. Costa in two glowing and magnificent columns, during festival week—is (to use his own term):—

“to review the oratorio as a whole—its design, its scope, its construction, its effect—and so far as lies in our power, to determine the place it is likely to assume amongst those sublime compositions which reflect imperishable glory upon the names of the great masters.”

What place that may be it is neither my “design” nor

* *Eli* is *Elijah* without the *jah* (spirit).

my "scope" to discuss at present. Let Mr. Stimpson, however, be heard still further:—

"Mr. Costa has now for many years occupied the position in the English musical world for which his character and acquirements have especially fitted him. No one has a closer familiarity with the technicalities of musical construction—no one better understands the means of giving effect to even the most difficult composition; while as a conductor he is unapproached by living man in his power over the whole range of music, from the simple aria to the oratorio. A high-minded, accomplished gentleman, imbued with the truest feeling of an artist-poet, it was no wonder that he should exert himself among the candidates for the honours of the *Epic*, and aim at standing side by side with those sons of genius who adorn in music the places filled in literature by Shakspeare, Milton, and Göthe."

Neither Shakspeare nor Goethe ever wrote an "epic;" but that is not to the purpose at present. We are to understand, from the above most bathetic piece of prose, that Mr. Costa, being a high-minded gentleman, was resolved to have a shy at "the epic," and to stand side by side with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (are these the three?—I am open to correction), and, by inference, that—*Eli* being "the epic"—there he stands already. Bravo Mr. Stimpson! You stick at nothing to enforce your argument. I esteem and hail you as an excellent and zealous disciple, and one well acquainted with the soft (soap) swell of flattery. It is clear you did not commence the overture to *Eli*, nor send Samuel to sleep, for nothing. But, not to arrest the strain of adulation, let further truths be revealed. Mr. Stimpson now pulls out all the stops; the big pedal pipes begin to boom; and the song of praise, which magnifies *Eli* to the skies, is loud and sonorous as the "Hallelujah"—only somewhat turgid and inflated:—

"The great charm of *Eli* consists in the fact that it is not merely Art expressed in a new form, but that it is something new in Art. There is no slavish adherence to a school or a style; it is characterised by originality not only of matter but of manner; and, so to speak, illustrates and enforces the eclectic principle of construction—namely, that of taking what is good from all available sources, adding to these constituents the power resident in original thought, and working them up into a grand composition differing widely from each predecessor, yet retaining the generic qualities on which the merit of each is based. Founded on Händelian strength, it combines much of the picturesque sublimity of Beethoven with the delicious harmony of Mozart, and the graceful beauty of Mendelssohn. That the work does all this without falling into the error of direct imitation, arises from the earnest study Costa has bestowed on the principles animating the great composers, as also from the particular school in which he imbibed the first principles of his art. He has thus learned how to use the vast material at his command—how to unite the functions of the architect and builder, and to crown his edifice with the grace only to be applied by the hand of the artist."

Had I the eloquence of Thersites, or the wisdom of Midas, I should hardly be able to expound this unequalled apostrophe; and shall therefore leave it to the further consideration of those intimately conversant (which I cannot pretend to be—not knowing even what it means) with "the eclectic principle of construction," described by Mr. Stimpson Baker with such "picturesque sublimity."

But, to speak earnestly, what I have quoted, being simply bombast, that can do no harm to any earthly thing—unless it be the oratorio of *Eli*—would hardly have challenged examination. No one out of Warwickshire and the surrounding counties ever sees, much less reads, the *Gazette* of worthy Mr. Aris; and the occasion was not an opportune one to endeavour to widen its circulation. What follows, however, is as "sad" as the matter I have quoted is "silly" (*Athenæum*—"ante—"). It is neither more nor less than an impeachment of the integrity of every amateur and every

critic who did not rise from the performance of *Eli* with the conviction that he had listened to a faultless and magnificent *chef-d'œuvre*. At least, under correction, I can attach no other meaning to the passage describing what Mr. Hogarth Matthey presumes to have ensued on the facts being made public that Mr. Costa was engaged in the composition of a sacred oratorio. Judge for yourself, Mr. Editor:—

"The bare announcement of his intention proved the nucleus of a storm; critics small and great, professional and amateur, denounced the effort, and prophesied failure—more than one secretly hoping that the prophecy might prove true. Some declared that Opera would overpower Oratorio—others, that an Italian could never emulate or rival a German—others, that the Composer would be lost in the Conductor—as though a good reader must necessarily be a bad writer, as though he who above others understands harmony, could not express the harmony pervading his own soul! Thus it must ever be—the aspirant to the chaplet of Excellence shall meet the scowl of Ignorance, and his song of triumph be marred by the discord of Mediocrity—none the less hateful because of a consistent theme and an accordant phrase. But the story of Balaam has its modern counterpart—and more than one who came to curse remained to bless; the clear full voice of the Master overpowered the shrill cries of envy and objection; and, in our noble Hall, Costa obtained the best reward in the spontaneous applause of an assembly of generous Englishmen. All honour, therefore, to the Composer who dared to meet his enemies face to face, and honour to those who had confidence in the abilities of the Master, and feared not to incur the risk of placing his work before the tribunal of general and special criticism."

The italics are mine. Not content, you see, with reiterating the extravagant encomiums of his former article* (*Aris's Gazette*—Monday, Sept. 3), Mr. Stimpson goes further, and even insinuates that those who did not chime in with his own notions of Mr. Costa's unheard-of qualities, were influenced in advance by motives anything but creditable to them as lovers of music, and wholly discreditable to them as gentlemen and men of integrity. So that the honour is assailed of every reporter for the press, who in the conscientious discharge of his duty found it necessary to consider the oratorio of *Eli* from the point of view of criticism. Every unfavourable opinion, no matter

* In which occurs the following example of grandiloquent puff:—

"On Wednesday morning the great event of the Festival took place, and by the production of *Eli* raised Costa to the highest position possible in the musical world. The oratorio is the grandest of all compositions, and requires genius of the highest order to produce a work which shall live when its author has long ceased to be; and it is no slight praise to say the name of Costa, even if he were no more, will by this work become a household word in the mouths of generations to come. It has been said *Eli* is "operatic,"—that a licence in the use of various instruments not hitherto recognised in the oratorio school has been taken which ought to be condemned. To these objections we would reply by enquiring whether Händel in his *Judas Maccabæus*, and in the oratorio *Samson*, which was performed at our last Festival, did not employ, and with great success, every known instrument? Whether the songs and choruses of the Philistines and Hebrews are not marked by a strong individuality of character, by which, without words, every musician would distinguish them? Has not Mendelssohn, in his *Elijah*, strongly marked, even in his accompaniments, the distinction between the worshippers of Baal and the God of the Hebrews? It is, then, simply absurd to say, because Costa has made use of an instrument of percussion to imitate the labor of the Philistines—an instrument well known to the ancient Egyptians, and therefore no stranger in the land of Israel—he is "operatic;" if he has done more than Mendelssohn and more than Händel, we maintain he has used—and how effectively every one in the Hall on Wednesday can say—every modern and appropriate appliance, and has produced effects which none but a narrow and prejudiced mind cannot appreciate. The simple fact is, this, *Eli* is a great and a grand work of Art, and if it is not at once a favourite with musicians and amateurs, it is because it is too lofty for their comprehension; and Costa may rest satisfied that, as was the case with many of the latter compositions of the giant mind of Beethoven, as years roll on his fame will only become more and more established."

in what terms expressed, must, *primâ facie*, have proceeded either from malevolence or ignorance! Now, with deference, these are hard terms to use, even by insinuation, much less so directly in the sense of the *argumentum ad hominem* as by the anonymous writer—Mr. Stimpson, Mr. Hogarth,* or whoever he may be—in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*. About the question of incompetence I have nothing to urge; that rests between the critics of the press and their employers; and, moreover, the writer in *Aris* himself is by no means exempt from the retort, "*tu quoque*," since his style of criticism betrays all the marks of staggering amateurship. The insinuation of dishonesty and *malice prepense*, however, is very serious, and, but for it, I should, in all probability, have refrained from addressing you. My first impression after reading the article was one of surprise at the indiscretion (to use no stronger term) of the writer. What—I demanded—can have induced this ardent and fierce worshipper to advocate the cause of his idol in a manner so precisely calculated to injure it? Surprise, however, on second thoughts, gave way to a feeling of indignation at the insult levelled, with such utter wantonness, against those who, not believing *Eli* a masterpiece, or anything like a masterpiece, had the honesty and the courage to give expression to their opinion. If *Eli* is to be thus defended it must stand greatly in need of apology. Of all men living, Mr. Costa has least cause to complain of the press in this country. The press, indeed, has rendered him more, far more, than justice. At any rate, I think so; and I know many of the same mind. I hope and believe he has too much good sense to applaud this mode of trumpeting his fame.

The grand *coup*, however, has yet to be struck. Birmingham is not London; and on a new "triumph" in the Strand everything depends. The Sacred Harmonic Society cannot afford to neglect such an opportunity of bringing fresh grist to their mill, and will act accordingly. *Eli* is destined, at all risks, to go hand in hand with the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation*. What Händel's *Israel* and Mendelssohn's *Paul* have been hitherto unable to achieve, viz.:—a permanent standing among the popularly attractive oratorios, *Eli* is to accomplish forthwith. The consummation must be brought about, or no end of worthy people will be grievously disappointed. I, for one, have nothing to object, providing always that the committee act for the real benefit of the society in whose name and for whose advantage they are presumed to govern, which, however, in the present case, although *Eli* "not merely expresses art in a new form, but is something new in art," is possibly open to question.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, Sept. 15.

*We can answer for Mr. Hogarth. He did not write the article.—D. R.

MEYERBEER has left Spa for Paris, where he is expected to remain until the end of the present month.

SIGNOR SIVORI has returned from Baden-Baden to Paris—whether to play or not remains to be seen.

M. JULIEN, after his recent very successful tour in the provinces, has retired to his estate in Belgium. He returns to London in October, in time to prepare for the winter concerts at the Royal Italian Opera.

SIGNOR BRICCIARDI, the flautist, has produced an opera at the Carcano, Milan, called *Eleonora di Toledo*. The composer himself had undertaken the direction of the theatre, which closed after the second performance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCIPAL AND DEPUTY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—It is not long since you stated that the humblest professional man's grievance would ever find a ready exposure in the columns of the *Musical World*, and as you held up to reprobation the injustice of a principal receiving money for the duties he did not perform, and paying his deputy a starvation amount, we hope that, in a case of enforced per centage, like our own, you will, humble though we be, extend to us the favour of a space in the *World*, and assist us by some of those remarks with which you so ably castigate petty tyranny and the wrong-doer.

Several of us have been for the last sixteen or eighteen weeks engaged as a stage band at the Princess's Theatre for the Shaksperian revival of *Henry VIII.*, and, as the theatre closed last night, so our labours came to a termination. About a week previous to this event, however, it had been kindly intimated to us, "that the leader, Mr. Isaacson, would like, from the stage-band, a little present of some kind in the shape of a silver snuff-box or a ring, as a kind of memento of the success of *Henry VIII.*" This might be all very well if we had been allowed to choose either the amount of subscription, or the shape those subscriptions should assume. But no; we were told a night's pay was to be devoted to this object, and, as the subscription list did not fill very rapidly after our performance was over, we were detained for our money at a public-house from nine until nearly twelve o'clock, and threatened, if we did not subscribe to this testimonial, we need not apply again for an engagement.

Now, sir, what we complain of is this: we are not men occupying a very high position in the musical world, but we are men having wives, families, and such contingencies to provide for; and we have also a strong suspicion that Mr. Charles Kean would not tolerate Mr. Isaacson or Mr. Anybody else exacting a per centage from men in our position. This proceeding was rendered still more repulsive by Mr. Isaacson himself coming into the room where we were assembled, and (not experiencing such a result as he expected from the deprivation of our families of the amount of one night's salary) commencing an abuse of the defaulters that would have done credit to any indweller of St. Giles; and all, forsooth, because he was not sufficiently "conciliated by presents," either at the expense of our wives and families on the one hand, or that of Mr. Charles Kean on the other.

Hoping you will consider our case of sufficient importance to act as a warning to any poor members of the profession who may have to apply for an engagement in the stage band under such directors as look entirely to their own creature comforts, and never cast a thought on the wants and requirements of their less fortunate brethren,

Sept. 15.

P.S.—I enclose my card.

I remain, yours,

PICCOLA.

WEBER'S DERNIÈRE PENSÉE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Apocryphos of the letter by Reissiger, which you reprint from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, referring to the (so-called) "Weber's Dernière Pensée," in which he avows it to be his, and not Weber's, adding, "I never attached any value to the trifle;" I would beg to ask some of your readers, better versed in musical chronology than I am, in what year the *Beatrice di Tenda* of Bellini was written—as the subject of the waltz in question (about the authorship of which there has been such a fuss made for years past) bears a very striking resemblance to a melody in that opera. It would be satisfactory to know who is really to have the honour of the "Dernière Pensée" in the matter. Herr Reissiger says he wrote his waltz in 1822, or perhaps in 1821.—I am, sir, yours very truly,

New Cross, Sept. 15th.

JOSEPH R. W. HARDING.

[*Beatrice di Tenda* was first produced at Venice in 1835-6, consequently many years after Reissiger's waltz.—Ed. M. W.]

THE BEALE TOURS have terminated. Mad. Bosio has gone to Paris, and Sig. Tamberlik to Brussels—"They two," as well as Cerrito, Mdle. Marai, Lablache, Tagliafico, &c., are bound for St. Petersburg, *via* Warsaw, not Cronstadt. We hope they may have a jovial season.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS THREE STYLES.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

(From the French of Hector Berlioz)

HERE is a book full of interest for the musician. It is written under the influence of an admiring passion, which its subject explains and justifies; but the author, nevertheless, preserves his liberty of thought—very rare among critics—which permits him to control his admiration, to blame at times, and to recognize the spots upon the sun.

M. de Lenz is a Russian, as is also M. Oulibicheff, the author of the biography of Mozart. Let us remark, *en passant*, that among the serious works of musical criticism published within the last six years, two have come to us from Russia.

I shall have much to praise in the work of M. de Lenz; therefore I would first of all consider the reproaches which he seems to have incurred in the preparation of his book. The first bears upon the manifold German quotations which bristle in the text. Why not translate the fragments into French, since all the rest is in the French language? M. de Lenz, as a Russian, must necessarily speak a great number of languages, known and unknown; he probably said to himself, "Who does not speak German?" as the banker who remarked, "Who has not a million?" Alas, we Frenchmen do not speak German; we have much difficulty, and rarely succeed, in mastering our own language. Therefore, it is very unpleasant to us to peruse with a feverish interest the pages of a book, and to fall at every moment into such pitfalls as this: "Beethoven, addressing Bellstab, said, '*Opera, wie Don Juan und Figaro, Konnt ich nicht Componiren. Dagegen habe ich etnen Widerwillen.*'" Very good! But, after all, what did Beethoven say? I should like to know. This is very annoying. And this quotation is even ill-selected, since the author, for once, gives himself the trouble to translate it, which he by no means does, for a thousand other words, phrases, narratives, and documents, of which it is, doubtless, important for the reader to know the meaning. I like quite as well the words of Shakspeare, in *Henry IV.*, where, instead of a reply of a Welch woman to her husband, an Englishman, these words are substituted in a parenthesis: "*Glendower speaks to her in Welch, and she answers him in the same.*"

My second reproach has reference to an opinion promulgated by the author with regard to Mendelssohn; an opinion already advanced by other critics, the motives of which I beg the permission of M. de Lenz to argue with him.

He says, "We cannot speak of modern music without mentioning Mendelssohn Bartholdy. . . . We share in the respect which a mind of his stamp demands; but we believe that the Hebrew element, with which the mind of Mendelssohn is imbued, will prevent his music from becoming the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place."

Is there not a little of prejudice in this manner of appreciating this great composer? and would M. de Lenz have written these lines had he been ignorant of the descent of *Paul* and *Elijah* from the celebrated Israelite, Moses Mendelssohn? I hardly think it.

"The harmony of the synagogue," says he again, "is a type easily to be traced in the music of Mendelssohn." Now, it is difficult to conceive how the psalmody of the synagogue could have acted upon the music of Felix Mendelssohn; for he never professed the Jewish religion. We all know, on the contrary, that he was a Lutheran, and a fervid and convinced Lutheran.

Moreover, what music is there which can ever become "the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place?" None, assuredly. The works of the great German masters, such as Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—who all belonged to the Catholic religion, that is to say, the *universal* religion—admirable, beautiful, living, sound, and powerful, as they are, will never, any sooner than those of others, attain to this end.

Setting aside the question of Judaism, which seems to be broached unfittingly, the musical stamp of Felix Mendelssohn, the nature of his mind, the filial love for Händel and Bach, the education he had received from Zelter, his rather exclusive sym-

pathies for German life and the German home, his exquisite sentimentality, his tendency to shut himself up within the circle of ideas of a given city and public, are all apprehended by M. de Lenz with much penetration and shrewdness. From the comparison which, in the same chapter, he establishes between Weber, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, he also draws conclusions which seem to me to be just and to the point. He ventures also to make very sensible remarks upon the fugue and the fugued style, and their real importance; on the use made of them by the great masters; and on the ridiculous use made of them by those musicians of whom this style is the constant preoccupation. He quotes, to support his theory, the remarks of a consummate contrapuntist, who had passed his life in the fugue, and who might have found more than one good reason for discovering therein the sole means of salvation in music, but who loved truth better. He says, "It is a too honourable exception of the exclusive ideas of art, that we should do the reader" (who understands German) "the service to reproduce these remarks for him. We read in an article by M. Fuchs of St. Petersburg; '*Die Fuge, als ein für sich abgeschlossenes Music-stück*,' etc., etc." (He speaks Welch.)

Well, look ye! I would give much to know at once what M. Fuchs has written about this, and I am doomed to disappointment.

After having established very ingenious comparisons between Beethoven and the great German masters, his predecessor and contemporaries, M. de Lenz gives himself up to the study of the character of his hero, to the analysis of his works, and, finally, to the appreciation of the distinctive qualities of the three styles in which Beethoven wrote.

This task was difficult; and I cannot but praise the manner in which the author has accomplished it. It is impossible to enter more fully into the spirit of Beethoven's marvellous musical poems; to more completely embrace the whole and the details; to follow with more vigour the impetuous eagle flights; to see more clearly when he soars aloft, or sinks earthward; and to express all with more frankness. In my opinion, M. de Lenz has, in this respect, a double advantage over M. Oulibicheff. He renders full justice to Mozart. M. Oulibicheff is far from doing the same to Beethoven. M. de Lenz acknowledges, without hesitation, that divers pieces of Beethoven's composition—such as the overture to the *Ruins of Athens*, and certain portions of his piano sonatas—are feeble and little worthy of him; that other compositions, little known, in fact, are absolutely devoid of ideas, and that two or three are monstrous logogriphs. On the contrary, M. Oulibicheff admires *all* in Mozart. And heaven knows if the glory of the author of *Don Juan* would have suffered by the destruction of many of the compositions of his youth, which it was an act of impiety to have published! M. Oulibicheff would clear all away from around Mozart; he seems to suffer with impatience any talk about other masters. M. de Lenz is filled with a true enthusiasm for all fine manifestations of the art; and his passion for Beethoven, though it be not a blind one, is, perhaps, more profound and more living than that of his rival for Mozart.

His indefatigable researches during a period of twenty years, throughout all Europe, have caused him to acquire many curious notions, not generally known, of Beethoven and his works. Several of the anecdotes which he relates have this importance: that they tend to explain the musical anomalies scattered throughout the productions of the great composer, to account for which all attempts have hitherto been fruitless.

Beethoven, we know, professed a robust admiration for those grim-visaged masters, mentioned by M. de Lenz, who made, in music, an exclusive use of that "purely rational element of human thought, which it is impossible to substitute for grace." Do we know the tendency and extent of his admiration? I doubt it. It recalls slightly to my sense the taste of those rich gastronomists, who, tired of their Lucullan banquets, were pleased, at times, to break their fast with a red-herring and a buck-wheat cake.

M. de Lenz relates that Beethoven, walking one day with his friend Schindler, said to him, "I have just found two themes for an overture. The one may be treated in my own style; the

other is in conformity with the style of Händel. Which do you counsel me to choose?" Schindler (can we believe it?) advised Beethoven to adopt the second theme. This advice pleased Beethoven on account of his predilection for Händel. He unfortunately conformed to it. It is said that he censured Schindler much for having thus counselled him. In fact, the overtures of Händel are not the most prominent features of his works; and, to compare them with those of Beethoven, is to place a forest of cedars in parallel with a growth of mushrooms.

"The overture, op. 124," says M. de Lenz, "is not a double fugue, as it has been supposed. We may believe that the theme which Beethoven would have treated in his own style, might have become the foundation of a much more important work, at a time when the genius of the artist was at its zenith—when the man enjoyed his last days of exemption from suffering. Schindler, doubtless, said to himself, that the genius of Beethoven reigned rivalless in the free symphonic style; that in this he had no one to imitate; that the severe style was, at the most, an obstacle to overleap; that in this he was not at home. The overture produced no effect; it was pronounced *inexecutable*; and so it was, perhaps."

It is difficult, I should reply to M. de Lenz, but, nevertheless, very *executable* by a powerful orchestra. Thanks to the prominent features of Beethoven's style, which penetrate the gross tissue of the Händelian imitation, the entire coda and a number of passages move and attract the hearer, when well rendered. I have myself directed the execution of this overture. The first performance took place at the Conservatoire, with a first-class orchestra. It was found that the style of Händel's overtures was so ill-produced, that it was applauded with transport. Ten years after, indifferently performed by a feeble band, it was severely judged, and the style of Händel was acknowledged to be perfectly imitated.

M. de Lenz here relates the conversation of Beethoven with Schindler on this subject:—"Wie kommen Sie wieder auf die alte Geschichte?" etc. (He speaks Welch.)

In this minute and intelligent review of the works of the great composer, an account of the attacks perpetrated against them must necessarily hold a place. It is there, in fact, but strangely incomplete. M. de Lenz, who handles so roughly the correctors of Beethoven, who scoffs at and scourges them, was not aware of one-half of their delinquencies. One must have lived long in Paris and in London to appreciate the full extent of their ravages.

As to the pretended faults of engraving which M. de Lenz believes to exist in the *scherzo* of the sympathy in C minor, and which would consist, according to those critics who maintain the same opinion, in the unreasonable repetition of two bars of the theme at its reappearance in the middle of the movement, this is what I have to say:—There is no exact repetition of the four notes C, D, E, F, of which the melody is composed; the first time they are written in minims followed by a crotchet; and the second time in crotchets followed by a rest; which quite changes their character. Moreover, the addition of the two contested bars is, by no means, an anomaly in the style of Beethoven. There are not a hundred, but a thousand similar caprices in his compositions. The mere fact that the two added bars destroy the symmetry of the phrase, is not a sufficient reason for his abstaining from them, if he had the idea in his mind. No one ridiculed more than he what is called *la carrure*, or squareness. There is a striking example of his boldness in this style, in the second part of the first piece of this same symphony (page 36 of the small edition of Breitkopf and Härtel); where a measure of silence, which appears superfluous, destroys all the rhythmic regularity, and endangers for the ensemble the return of the orchestra which succeeds it. Now, I shall have no difficulty in showing that the melody of Beethoven, thus prolonged, was so done with formal intent. The proof is in this same melody, reproduced a second time immediately after the *point d'orgue*, and which contains again two supplementary bars (D, C sharp, D, C natural) which no one seems to notice; bars, differing from those that many would suppress, and added, this time, after the fourth bar of the theme, whereas the two others are introduced into the theme after the third bar. The

ensemble of the period is thus composed of two phrases of ten bars each; there is, therefore, an evident intention of the author in this double addition—*there is even symmetry*, which would not exist, if the two contested measures were suppressed, leaving the two other measures which have not been attacked. The effect of this passage of the *scherzo* does not shock; on the contrary, I confess it pleased me much. The symphony is thus executed in all parts of the world in which the great works of Beethoven are understood. All the editions of the score and separate parts contain these two bars; and when, in 1850, with regard to the performance of this masterpiece at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of Paris, a journal reproached me with not having suppressed them, considering this error of engraving a fact of public notoriety, I received in a few days a letter from Mr. Schindler. Now Mr. Schindler wrote me expressly to thank me for not having made this correction. Mr. Schindler, who passed his life with Beethoven, does not believe in this pretended fault of engraving, and he assured me that he had heard the two famous measures in all the performances of this symphony which took place *under the direction of Beethoven himself*. Would not the author have corrected it immediately, had he recognised it as a fault? Whether he changed his opinion or not, on this subject, in the latter years of his life, I cannot say.

M. de Lenz, usually very calm in discussion, loses his sang-froid, when he comes in contact with the absurdities which are, and always will be, written against the works of Beethoven. In such cases, all his philosophy abandons him; he becomes irritated, wretched, childish. Alas! in this respect, a few years since, I was as childish as he; but now I am not so easily irritated. I have read and heard so many extraordinary things, not only in France, but even in Germany, of Beethoven and the noblest productions of his genius, that nothing of this sort can now move me. I even believe that I can account with exactness for the different causes which bring about this divergency of opinions.

The impressions of music are fugitive and easily effaced. Now, when a music is really new it requires more time than any other to exert a powerful impression upon the organs of certain hearers, and to leave in their mind a clear conception of this action. It only effects this by always acting upon them in the same manner, by striking and striking in the same place. Operas written in a new style are more quickly appreciated than concert compositions, notwithstanding the originality, and even the eccentricities of the style of these operas, and despite the distractions which the dramatic accessories cause the hearer. The reason is very simple: an opera, which is not irrevocably damned at the first appearance, is always produced several successive times in the theatre which gave it birth; soon after, if it obtains success, thirty or forty other theatres bring it out. The hearer, who, on his listening to it for the first time, understood nothing at all about it, becomes more familiar with it at the second representation; the third pleases him still more; and often, in the end, he entertains a lively interest in the work which greatly shocked him at first.

But it cannot be thus for symphonies which are only executed at long intervals, and which, in place of effacing the bad impressions which they may give at their appearance, leave to these impressions the time to take root, to become doctrines, written theories, which the talent of the writer who professes them invests with more or less authority, according to the degree of impartiality with which he seems to clothe his criticism and the apparent sagacity of the counsels which he gives their composer. Frequent performances constitute an essential condition for correcting errors of opinion concerning works conceived, like those of Beethoven, without the pale of the musical habits of those who listen to them.

But, despite their frequency, their excellence, and their attractions, these performances will not change the opinion of those men of bad faith, or those honest souls to whom Nature has formally refused the sense necessary to the perception of a certain sensation, to the intelligence of a certain order of ideas. You would say in vain to such, "Admire the rising sun." "What sun," they would say; "we see nothing." And they see nothing,

in fact; some because they are blind, others because they turn westward.

If we now consider the question of the qualities of execution necessary to the original, poetic, and bold works of the founders of musical dynasties, we must avow that these qualities should be as much more excellent as the style of the work is more recent. It is frequently remarked that "the public perceives not slight inaccuracies, faults of ensemble, justness, expression, or warmth." It is true that the public is not shocked by these imperfections; but then it remains cold, it is not moved, and the idea of the composer, as delicate and graceful, or grand and beautiful, as one may suppose, thus veiled, passes before it without a perception of the former, because the public divines nothing.

I repeat it, executions, frequent, and of an irresistible power and beauty, are indispensable to the works of Beethoven. There are not, I firmly believe it, six places on the earth, where, six times a-year, his symphonies may be heard properly performed. Here, the band is ill-composed; there, it is too small; elsewhere, it is ill-directed; then, the concert-halls are worthless, or the artists have no time to rehearse; in fine, almost every where obstacles spring up, which at last cause most disastrous results to these *chefs-d'œuvre*.

As to his sonatas, notwithstanding the incalculable number of persons who usurp the title of pianists, I must confess that I do not know six virtuosi capable of performing them faithfully, correctly, powerfully, poetically, without paralyzing the rapture, without extinguishing the ardour, the fire, the life which bubble in these extraordinary compositions; capable of following the capricious flight of the author's thought; of dreaming, meditating, becoming impassioned with him, of identifying themselves with his inspiration, and of reproducing it intact.

No, there are not six pianists for the piano sonatas of Beethoven. His trios are more accessible. But his quatuors! How many are there in Europe of those quadruple virtuosi, those gods in four persons, capable of unveiling the mystery? I dare not say. There must have been numerous motives for inducing M. de Lenz to take the pains to reply to the wonderings to which the works of Beethoven have given rise. The sort of unpopularity of the wondrous inspirations is an inevitable misfortune. Yet, is it a misfortune? . . . I doubt it. It is, perhaps, necessary that such works should remain inaccessible to the multitude. They disclose talents full of charm, splendour, and power, destined, if not to the lower class, at least to the third estate of intelligences: brilliant genius like that of Beethoven was created by God for sovereign hearts and minds.

He felt, himself, both the force and the grandeur of his mission; the whims which escaped him in many instances leave no doubt upon this subject. One day, his pupil, Rees, having ventured to call his attention to a harmonic progression in one of his new works, declared faulty by theoreticians, Beethoven replied, "Who forbids this?" "Who! why Fuchs, Albrechtsberger, all the professors." "Well, I permit it." In another instance, he said with *naïveté*, "I am of an electric nature; that is why my music is so admirable."

The celebrated Bettine relates in his correspondence, that Beethoven said to her one day: "I have no friend; I must live with myself alone, but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others. I commune with him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him; neither have I any fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate; he to whom it makes itself intelligible must become free from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them."

M. de Lenz, in recounting the singularities of Beethoven in his social relations, says that he was not always so savage as in the last years of his life; that he often figured at balls, and did not dance in time. This is rather too much, and I shall take the liberty of doubting it. Beethoven possessed in the highest degree the appreciation of rhythm; his works bear witness to this; and if it was really said that he did not dance in time, it must have been because it was thought piquant to make this

puerile observation, and to consign it as a curious anomaly. Some persons pretend that Newton knew nothing at all about arithmetic, and do not believe in the bravery of Napoleon.

It appears, however, if we believe a great number of German musicians, who have played the symphonies of Beethoven, under his direction, that he conducted indifferently the execution even of his own works. This is by no means incredible; the talent of the leader of an orchestra is special, like that of a violinist; it is acquired by long practice, and by very pronounced natural dispositions. Beethoven was a skilful pianist, but a detestable violinist, although he studied the instrument in his youth. He might have been a most wretched performer on both, or no performer at all, without being any the less a prodigious composer.

It is generally believed that he composed with great rapidity. In fact, he composed one of his masterpieces—the overture to *Coriolanus*, in one night; but, generally, he worked up, turned and moulded his ideas in such a manner, that their first jet bore but a slight resemblance to their ultimate form. To have a good idea of this, one should see his manuscript. He re-wrote three times the first movement of his seventh symphony (in A). He searched for several days, wandering in the fields around Vienna, for the theme of his *Ode to Joy*, which commences the finale to his Choral Symphony. The sketch of this page still exists.

After the first phrase which presented itself to the mind of Beethoven, we find written in French the word "*mauvais*"—"bad." The melody, modified, re-appears a few lines below, accompanied by his observation, always in French, "*Ceci est mieux*"—"this is better." Finally, we find it, clothed in the form we are accustomed to admire, and decidedly selected by these two syllables, which the persevering seeker evidently traced with joy. "*C'est ça!*"

He worked during a considerable period at his Mass in D. He re-wrote, two or three times, his opera of *Fidelio*, for which, as is well known, he composed four overtures. A recital of what he had to endure, to bring out this opera, from the ill-will and opposition of all the performers, from the first tenor to the contra-basso, would be of sad interest to us, but would lead us too far. As varied as the vicissitudes of this work may have been at first, it remains and will remain in the repertoire of more than thirty European theatres, and its success would be greater, despite the numerous difficulties of execution which it presents, were it not for the incontestable inconvenience of a doleful drama, the entire action of which takes place in a prison.

Beethoven, in his ardour for the subject of *Leonora*, ou *l'Amour Conjugal*, only saw the sentiment which it gave him to express, and made no account of the sombre monotony of the spectacle, which is so closely allied to it. This libretto, of French origin, had been set to music, at first in Paris, by Gavaux; afterwards it was changed into an Italian opera for Paër, and it was after having heard at Vienna the music of the *Leonora* of this latter, that Beethoven had the simple cruelty to say to him: "The subject of your opera pleases me: I must set it to music."

It would be curious now to hear successively the three scores. I will now close. I have said sufficient, I hope, to inspire the admirers of Beethoven with the desire to learn more of the book of M. de Lenz. I will merely add, that, in addition to the excellent qualities of a critic and biographer which he has displayed, they will find in the catalogue and classification of the works of the maestro, a proof of the religious care into which M. de Lenz has studied all that concerns it, and of the knowledge that has guided him in his investigation.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S "TAM O'SHANTER."—We understand that this work, which was so favourably received in London and Birmingham, is shortly to be performed at Hamburg, under the direction of the composer; and that the principal tenor part will be sung by Herr Reichardt. Mr. Howard Glover is already at Hamburg, where it is his intention to give a concert, in which several of his own compositions will be introduced.

ALBONI.—An Italian paper informs us that in the winter this eminent singer intends making an artistic tour in Italy.

SIGNOR CIARDI (who was formerly in England) has been appointed solo flute in the chamber theatre of the Czar.

* Bettine to Goethe, Vienna, May 28, 1810.

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